VOICES OF THE SEA.

Wakeful as I lay at night, and heard
The pulsings of the restless sea;
  The moaning surges
  Sounded like dirges
From some far back eternity,
Whose spirits from the deep are stirred.

Awaking with the morning light,
Again I listened to the sea;
  But with its surges
  We heard no dirges,
But only life's activity;
Morning dispelled the gloom of night.

At noon I sauntered forth to view
The throbbing of that living sea;
  Still it was surging,
  But only urging
All mean to be both strong and free;
Strong in the soul, with conscience true.

At closing day once more I stood,
Gazing across that mighty sea;
  Far ships were sailing;
  The light was failing;
Time, lost in immortality,
Was the reflection of my mood.

It is the mind, and not the place,
Our mood, and not a varying voice
  That fills with sadness,
  Or thrills with gladness
A soul whose one great ruling choice
Reflects in all things its own face.

A SOCIETY BARD.

I.

"Well, yes, I am glad to be back in town," said Miss Fillingham, as she settled herself comfortably in a deep basket-chair on the veranda and glanced coquettishly at a gentleman who took a seat opposite to her.

"So you've been to Rome?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; we've done nothing but go round churches and museums, and I've hardly seen a soul we knew since we left. I never was so tired of anything in my life," she returned with charming frankness. "You see I like people, and papa likes places. Talk about people being monotonous; I'm sure they are as different as can be, and those churches and Madonnas are the same in every town. I always tell papa when he wants me to admire one of those tiresome St. Sebastians with a skewer through him—I mean an arrow, you know—that I saw it in the last museum we went to."

Whereat Miss Fillingham sighed, and Mr. Lovett, the gentleman appealed to, leaned forward on an elaborately carved stick, and smiled what cursory critics might have called a rather self-conscious smile.

On nearer inspection it was clear that he had fine capabilities for being amused, which proclaimed themselves in flexible under-eyelids and a remarkably mobile mouth. He had a number of horizontal lines across his forehead and several wrinkles at times in the upper lip. To the more general view he was tall and well-proportioned, exceptionally well dressed, and conspicuous for an elaborate air of attention which he seldom failed to give to attractive women.

The immediate object of his solicitude this morning was dressed with elaborate simplicity in a white dress and broad-brimmed hat, which contrasted strangely with her little pert town-bred air. As she lounged back on her luxurious cushions and glanced with her sleepy Southern-looking eyes at her neighbor, she played with a bunch of ox-eyed daisies in her belt, and tapped her diminutive and coquettishly-shod feet on the stone veranda.

They were sitting in the front of a long two storied house, lying in a part of Kensington where there are still acres of gardens to make us forget, in summer-time, that we are in the largest and most fog-laden city in the world. Elsewhere there may be the din of traffic, the hurrying of busy feet, the squalor of crowded alleys, the struggle, the hunger and despair which go to make up the lives of toiling millions; here, within snug red-brick walls, a languid quiet prevailed. The splash of a small fountain where the gold-fish played, the shrill cry of a parrot, and in the distance, from another lawn, the rhythmical sound of a scythe mowing grass, were the only sounds that met the ear. The bright May sun glanced on the open windows of the long low-lying house, lit up the hawthorn trees ablaze with blossoms, and specked the smooth sweep of lawn with cool blue shadows. Not a murmur from the great city reached this garden, where the birds built and the chestnuts bloomed as if they were leagues from any town.

"There's to be a female friend, a charming friend, to look after us," said the young lady, as they looked out lazily over the sun-flecked lawn.

"You are to be looked after—suppose I undertake the office?" returned Mr. Lovett slowly.

"I do believe papa thinks you are going to run away with me," she said, pouting, while he again smiled at her with the same smile.

Mr. Lovett, who had, as a rule, no sort of toleration for silly people, had the weakness to be flattered by this particular form of silliness. He was essentially an opportunist, and it had become a habit of his to luxuriously appropriate any such chance phrases as might be conciliating to his vanity. He was, besides, a gentleman with a subtle appreciation for the harmonies in a situation, and the present one offered him a young lady and such a smooth flowing set of emotions as were atune to the drifting white clouds, the faint plash of the fountain, and the idle May-day. Mr. Lovett was at no time one of those captious mortals who refuse any of the goods that are gratuitously provided them.

"Well, at any rate, Ethel Surtees is coming to stay here," said Susie; "aren't you glad? It's no use saying you're not, because I know you are."

"Of course any friends of yours I am always delighted with," he replied in stereotyped phrase, while his mind, with one of those quick transitions usual to mobile natures, gave a sort of bound back into the previous summer.

Ethel Surtees. The name suggested a time of roses, of soft summer nights, and summer stars, and eyes that looked at him with a grave gray light. Those were connected with emotions too, if not of another kind, at least of another degree.

It was with almost an unreal feeling that he jumped up the next minute, at Susie's bidding, to find her parasol.

Miss Fillingham was an only child. Her father, a busy man, an architect at the top of his profession, spoiled her in a careless, off hand way, and Mrs. Fillingham, a capricious and tearful invalid, was severe and over indulgent, with the usual captiousness of ladies who live in over-heated rooms and are seldom out of the doctor's hands. Her daughter paid little attention to either mood. The only person indeed of whom she stood in any sort of awe was her cousin—a girl three years her senior. Susie Fillingham had been educated with Ethel Surtees, so that they had a further warrant for intimacy than their cousinship afforded, and so great was the influence which the elder girl exercised over the younger that Mr. and Mrs. Fillingham had more than once offered Ethel a permanent home within the comfortable red-brick walls at Kensington.

Ethel Surtees, however, was a girl not cast in entirely conventional lines, and may have had her own notions as to the grace of leaving her father, to whom she was sincerely attached, for the sake of luxurious surroundings. Her mother, Mr. Fillingham's sister, had, a quarter of a century before, made a romantic match by running away with the curate of a neighboring parish, a piece of disinterestedness for which certain members of her family had never forgiven her.

Mr. Fillingham would, however, have nothing to do with the feud, and by the time Ethel was ten years old, offered to educate her with his own little daughter.

Thus it was that the Fillingham household became part and parcel of Ethel's girlhood. Her father in the meantime obtained a small living in the country, so that by the time Ethel had come to years of discretion she was able to go back home and assist in educating the numerous small fry that clamored about the vicarage. From this unthankful task she found relief in an occasional visit to Kensington.

The summer before she had spent six weeks of the season with Susie Fillingham, and at a certain artistic house in Bloomsbury had been presented to Mr. Lovett, the "new poet," as the enthusiastic hostess whispered to Ethel. The "new poet," of whom Ethel had never heard, was agreeably attentive, and on another occasion succeeded so well in amusing her cousin Susie that he was asked to come and pay them a visit at Mona Lodge.

Mr. Lovett was not long in availing himself of this permission, and before many weeks had passed had become tolerably intimate with every member of the family. He talked art and smoked cigars with Mr. Fillingham, approached his wife on the rare occasions on which she appeared with an air of sympathy and deep interest, and while making himself agreeable to Susie, found time to bestow no inconsiderable amount of attention on Miss Surtees.

There was something in this young lady that flattered him, and a grace in her that appealed to a sentiment that perhaps he had too much neglected.

Lovett was a man who had enjoyed for the last few years sufficient income to permit of meandering propensities, and just enough lyrical talent to figure in monthly magazines, and assume the convenient irresponsibilities of a bard. He was of a nervous temper, subject to whims and caprices, which he humored to their highest bent. Perhaps, like men of greater power than himself, he thought it a sign of originality to be unlike other people.

II.

At the end of the week Ethel Surtees arrived, and although they had already been forewarned that she was far from well, her relations were suprised at her appearance. She had grown thinner since the previous summer, looked tired, and was much more fatigued than the short railway journey warranted.

Mrs. Fillingham, who had especially invited her niece on this occasion, was languidly horrified from her sofa, and made immediate and profuse offers of her scent-bottle, the family physician, and her last pet remedy for spasms.

She was a lady who indulged in a profound pity for herself, and in consequence—like a pale reflection—extended a mild kind of pity to the rest of suffering womankind at large.

It is impossible to say what mysterious concoctions Mrs. Fillingham would have induced her niece to swallow, had not her own symptoms at this juncture taken a new turn.

"It's the spring, of course, my dear," she said, "which makes you so ill—it always acts on delicate people in that manner. I myself as a girl always suffered in the first warm weather."

She had a fancy for living in rooms with a regulated temperature, and by the aid of the thermometer, which always hung by her bedside, discovered that her rooms were three and a half degrees too warm. The consequence of this was that the poor lady immediately imagined she had a feverish attack, and began to be ill in consequence of the fine weather.

In the meantime Ethel was free to please herself in her movements, and a day or two after finding her cousin closeted with her dress-maker, started alone for a walk. She enjoyed open-air exercise, and it was with a peculiar feeling of elation that she turned her steps this morning in the direction of Kensington Gardens.

Hardly more than a hundred yards from the house she encountered Mr. Lovett. He crossed the street on seeing her, and, throwing his cigar away, came forward and took her hand with a kind of tender appropriating caress. It was the work of an instant, but he had found silence, used with discrimination, more subtle and less compromising than words. With women his handshake was very tender, appealing, even supplicating when required. The curious mobility of the whole man was such that he actually was for the moment what he seemed, so that there was a genuine air of sincerity about him which made him seem what he was not.

"I am going for a walk," said Miss Surtees simply, after a moment's pause.

"I was just going up to call—I mean I was going for a walk too," he answered promptly, while he was secretly approving of a combination of sunlight and ruddy hair. "Now, there's only one good walk, over in Kensington Gardens, you know, past the fountain—"

"So that there is a possibility of our meeting?" she rejoined with some amusement as she turned to walk down the street.

"You are not frightened of me, surely?" he asked in rather a nettled tone.

"Not in the least," she answered serenely. "I believe you to be the most harmless of mortals."

But in spite of this assurance she gave her attention to the handle of her parasol.

"Exactly, I'm warranted innocence itself, so I may be taken with impunity."

"Why, I can't forbid your walking down the street," said this difficult young lady, moving off; "the pavement is not mine."

"I suppose," said Lovett, smiling, "if I persisted you could have me up for a public nuisance?"

"Why, no," she returned, "I should set you down as a private one."

But in the meantime they were well on the way.

Ethel's favorite seat under a clump of trees lay in a comparatively deserted part of the gardens.

The grass was green with all the freshness of spring-time, while an agreeable warmth in the air suggested the coming summer.

"I am glad I thought of coming out," said Ethel, apropos of nothing, while admiring the faint blue of the sky."

"Ah," exclaimed Lovett, giving the remark a satisfactory turn, "do you remember that morning when I discovered you here, one day last summer?"

"Yes, I hurt my foot; do you remember? I thought I was going to faint, or do something silly," she said.

"I wish you had—I mean something silly, not fainting." Then ruefully: "You didn't seem to mind me then?"

"I don't mind you now," answered Ethel, with attempted indifference, turning away.

"You never speak to me now—you were so good to me at first," said Lovett; "but you have a—what shall I call it?—a serenity in yourself that asks so little of others."

"It is the profession of maidens to be discreet," said the girl, looking down.

"A man must be wretched to himself, I suppose, and pass his life in discussing the weather," groaned her exquisitely attired companion.

"Are you wretched?"

"When you make me so."

"How do I make you so?"

"By a tone—a turn of the head."

"Ah! but they are involuntary, I suppose." said Ethel, "and that cannot be altered."

"It might, if you were to try," he returned. "Will you tell me something I want to know?"

She nodded.

"You told me once that men—society men—were superficial; do you fancy that none of them think or feel?"

"I may have said that men were superficial, but that, perhaps, was not what I meant altogether to say. I think that the meaning, the responsibility of life, is somehow lost to them. We say we have learned the nothingness of all things, and we must grasp what is within reach before it passes by; but, you see, happiness is the one thing that will not come for the asking, and we sacrifice our happiness to grasp at a momentary pleasure."

"Pleasure, after all, is only given for a moment, and moments are given for pleasure," said Lovett, with a touch of sensuous sadness. "Do you think we were put into the world to be miserable?" he went on more argumentatively. "A man in a bilious attack must have invented the idea. We are always being told to be contented, and then the next minute we are enjoined to look and strive only after another world. What do the best of them know? We do not know what to-morrow will do for us; how can we be sure of eternity? What we do know is that the sun sets in gold, and the moon rises, and that there is light in a beautiful woman's eyes. This the ages have unfolded to us; but eternity may never give it us again!"

He had risen to his feet, and was standing in front of her.

A light shiver passed over the girl.

"I must not—dare not think so of life."

"We are a little vain dust, your prophets say; let us lie still, then; the sun will shine on us assuredly, and the summer will come to us with roses and sweet scents. Life is ours whether we will or no, and this is life. Time may have nothing more to give us; are we to sacrifice ourselves for time?"

He saw that she trembled, that the color had gone from her lips.

"To live," he murmured, sinking to her side, "is to droop at another's feet—to note one's passion on another's lips, to read one's heart-throbs in another's eyes. Here we know ourselves at last—doubt is ended—peace is ours on into the everlasting night."

Mr. Lovett's ideas, it will be observed, were what people call "advanced."

Ethel was very much perplexed; but young women like to be mystified.

III.

It may be said with a good deal of truth that the genuineness of our feelings are in no way dependent on the genuineness of the object on which we lavish them.

Ethel Surtees had carried away the previous year, and secretly nursed for ten months, the idea that Mr. Lovett was a remarkable young man. She was a loyal and simple-hearted girl, with none of the airy coquetries or shrewd suspicions that hem round and guard the affections of more wary town misses.

We judge people, after all, by ourselves, and to Ethel burning words meant burning feeling. She had been highly educated, and had perhaps imbibed a touch of German mysticism, so that in the more than ordinary dull routine of the country vicarage it was no wonder that she recalled Mr. Lovett's passionate utterances. Ethel found in this man an escape from the humdrum which seemed to encompass her and the ordinary aspects of existence. He had more than once begged permission to visit her in the country, but it is to be feared that after the lapse of a month or two he no longer felt the necessary ardour for its accomplishment. Mr. Lovett was the self-conscious kind of man who is shy and fearful of comment from strangers, although he had notably succeeded in overcoming any such defect in the society of young ladies. He forebore to present himself at the vicarage, and Ethel's disappointment during the long dull winter increased day by day.

"Surely he will come," she said again and again to herself, with her hands pressed tightly over her eyes, in the quiet of her own bedroom. "Surely he meant what he said." She had yet to discover that she herself was supplying the sincerity which Mr. Lovett's eloquence lacked. By and by, with the spring came the invitation to London, which Ethel was unusually anxious to accept.

She had now been a month in Kensington, and her visit was drawing to a close. Mr. Lovett had been in constant attendance at Mona Lodge, and it is possible that Susie began to find her cousin inconvenient. She noticed a certain leaning on Mr. Lovett's part for private talks with Ethel, although it was not given to her to know the height or length of that susceptible gentleman's flights. Being, however, an exacting young lady, she required in her admirers an unwavering loyalty to herself, and watched with the greatest niceness their deviation from this right path.

The poet, to tell the truth, was discovering himself by this time to be in the awkward predicament of a man who wishes to make himself particularly agreeablo to two women under one roof.

When talking to one he found himself unable to cope with the other. They were oil and water; one must ever be at the top. With Susie he was a thorough man of the world, with Ethel he imagined himself a genuine poet; and it is worth remarking that in Mr. Lovett the man of the world had as great a contempt for the enthusiast as the enthusiast had for the man of the world.

He had been perfectly complacent in Mrs. Fillingham's back drawing-room all the winter; he had found the house convenient, and Miss Fillingham diverting in many ways; he wondered why he felt impatient now. It was as if he were somehow wasting some better, higher, and more enjoyable thing in listening to her coquettish chatter.

In Ethel there was a note that answered—perhaps inspired—an exalted ardor; a sensation he may have neglected, but which he could not afford to throw away.

He recalled to mind a dusty road he had passed along one autumn day near Florence. He had been to Fiesole, and, as sometimes happens, the way back seemed both warm and long. At an angle of the road he remembered catching sight of a tall white flower, high up over a garden wall, which no dust had soiled, and no one could reach from the public way.

He though of Ethel in some such garden. It was a higher, serener level than was given him, and heights, to men of Lovett's stamp, are especially tempting to scale. Could he live up to such levels when he had gained them, or would it fatigue him if he did? These were the questions that he asked himself as he walked back to his chambers in the starlight nights from Kensington. It is uncertain whether Mr. Lovett ever came to any exact conclusion on this point, for his actions were a good deal regulated by haphazard; but a short poem that he wrote about this time suggested his state of mind. It is to be found in a volume of his poems, published a few years since, under the title of "A Regret."

One afternoon, Susie, amiably inclined, had bidden Mr. Lovett's attendance for a drive. She had made up a little party to drive to Richmond. He had, however, in view of Ethel's talked-of departure, excused himself, and contrived to meet that young lady on her walk. Of course Miss Fillingham had found it out, and upbraided him in the evening with many pouts for heartless behavior and neglect.

They had dined, and were sitting alone in the dimly lighted drawing-room overlooking the garden. Ethel had strolled out to look at the moonlight, and the other guests were playing billiards above.

"You don't care a bit for me; you do nothing I ask," said Susie. She looked extremely pretty, with her little angry flush, a dress of black displaying and setting off her round, white neck. She was surrounded with soft lights and flowers, and from without came the faint note of a nightingale.

Mr. Lovett was a gentleman of strange susceptibility. Not care? It was exactly that kind of influences for which he did care.

Drawing up his chair softly he took her small hand and said, as he gently caressed it:

"My dear child, whom do I care for if not for you?" and then bending over her and kissing her pink fingers, "dear little woman, who but you?"

That night was very still. Ethel was idling along the grass, and turned to look at the moon through the network of trees.

"Susie," she said, approaching the window, "come and look at this effect—"

She did not finish her sentence, for a pretty *tableau vivant* met her view, and the whole of Mr. Lovett's amiable assurances fell on her ear.

She turned back quickly alone.

There was the little dripping sound of the fountain on the lawn and the sad bird-note from the hawthorn, just as it had been a moment before. But the scene had changed.

"There is a good deal of pathos in my poetry," she thought, while some ugly twists pulled the corners of her mouth. Then a great dizziness came over her, and she managed to creep up to her own room. She locked the door carefully, and then within the silence of those four walls she fell helplessly on the floor racked with a new great pain.

That afternoon Lovett had asked her to be his wife.

Late on the same evening Ethel tapped at Miss Fillingham's door.

"Good heavens, Ethel! what is the matter with you, and where on earth have you been all the evening? We've all been wondering where you were," said Susie; "and Mr. Lovett has been singing such a pretty song."

"My dear Susie," gravely said Ethel, whose disgust had given way to pity, "this evening I told your father I would stay some days longer. I shall be obliged to leave you early to-morrow morning."

She was no longer angry with her flighty little friend.

"Good gracious, Ethel! what do you mean? I never heard of such nonsense. I do declare you're like a ghost. For goodness sake don't go and faint. I shan't dream of letting you go to-morrow, so make up your mind to that."

"Susie, listen to me a moment," said Ethel quietly, as she sat down beside her and took her hand. "Do you remember what friends we were once, Susie; we told each other all our troubles, didn't we? You must let me go to-morrow morning. I think I am overwrought, perhaps; I haven't been quite well lately; at any rate I must get away. I couldn't stay another night in this house!"

Susie was petrified by her friend's tone. Not stay another night in the house!

"Why?" ejaculated the astonished girl, grasping her friend's arm.

"Do not ask me," said Ethel, rising and walking to the window. "I have been mistaken; that is all. Only what I want to tell you is, that I must go. I cannot see Mr. Lovett again."

"What do you mean? Why do you come to me to tell me that?" cried her angry little friend. "If you chose to watch us to-night I must tell you that I shall please myself in such matters, and know perfectly how to take care of myself."

"It is true I saw you to-night," said Ethel with her eyes fixed gravely on her friend; "but that, Susie, is not the reason for my leaving you. It is that Mr. Lovett has insulted me by asking me to be his wife."

Miss Fillingham's words failed from astonishment.

"When?" she ejaculated again.

"This afternoon. I told him I would decide to-morrow; but I have changed my mind," she added dryly. "I've sent him his answer to-night."

"I will never speak to him again as long as I live!" cried Susie, storming up and down the room. "He pretended to like me, and tried to make me like him back again, and I have been so silly, so silly. Ethel, it is not you who shall go, it is Mr. Lovett, who shall be sent about his business. John shall refuse to let him in the very next time he calls.

And Miss Fillingham kept her word.

As to Mr. Lovett, he considered that fortune had played him an ugly trick. But the world is wide for consolatory purposes, and perhaps the affair in a measure assumed picturesque proportions before he penned his next lyrical regret.

Miss Fillingham married a rich young stock-broker the following autumn, and a portrait of her boy, now ten years old, was much admired for his handsome black eyes and Velasquez suit, in the Royal Academy last year. Ethel lives in the country; a grave, sweet lady, with that look in her smile as of one who has known a great sorrow. They say she writes her father's sermons, and has a pocket full of bon-bons for every little child to be found for miles around.

Is this too commonplace an ending? Is there too much prose in the simple fulfillment of simple duties in a life that has ceased to look forward, at any rate on earth?

There was a time when Ethel would have thought so.

A modern writer, who seems to have searched the secret places of the human heart, has finely pointed out there is a peace of surrendered as well as of fulfilled hopes—a peace, not of satisfied, but of extinguished, longings. And this lot, hard and sad as it may seem to men and women of the world, brings a reward little expected, even by those to whom it comes.

All crushing sense of pain has gone out of Ethel's life, but there are feelings which she oddly associates with the sound of a splashing fountain and the warm air of June evenings, which have prevented her making any more experiments of an emotional kind.—*All the Year Round.*

The following work of art, with the accompanying verse, entitled "Nobody's Darling," appeared the other day in the Watertown (N. Y.) *Times:*

Her face is wide, her head is thick,
Her tongue keeps up a clackety-click;
Minds every one's business but her own—
Is a nuisance abroad and a pest at home.

VENNOR'S PREDICTIONS.

I desire now to give a brief but comprehensive outline of what, in my humble opinion, are likely to be the most remarkable features of the summer and autumn of the year 1882.

First.—A season that will merit the designation of cool to cold and wet generally. Not that there will not be terms of summer warmth and even intense heat for periods, but rather that these will appear in the retrospect as of but comparative insignificance, or as the exceptions to the general rule.

Second.—The season will be marked by not only great precipitation, but by a mugginess of atmosphere, generally, caused by the reeking condition of the earth and the long continuance of clouded sky. This will result in periods of extreme sultriness and heavy weather, during which the thunder and hail-storms will occur. In other words, the summer will be the reverse of clear and dry.

Third.—There is a likelihood of June and August frosts in northern, western, and southern sections, and a general cold wave may occur toward midsummer.

Fourth.—The autumn months will continue moist. September will probably give rains and floods in western Canada and in western and southern sections of the United States. October will be much the same, with early cold and snow falls. November will begin the winter of 1882–83—a winter likely to be memorable on account of its exceptionably heavy snow-falls and very cold weather over the whole northern hemisphere. That "a cold and wet summer is invariably followed by a cold and stormy winter," is a truth now so well proven and borne out by the testimony of past records that we cannot lightly put it aside; and if we have good and sufficient grounds for predicting the former—as we most assuredly have at this time—it is but right that we should warn the people of the latter in good season.—*Vennor's Weather Bulletin.*

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The net increase of members in the Methodist Church South, for the past year, amounted to 13,000.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed (Dutch) Church closes the fiscal year without debt.

The Rev. Dr. Helwig has resigned the presidency of Wittenberg (Lutheran) College, in Springfield, Ohio.

Several Congregational churches in Northwestern Pennsylvania are vacant, only as supplied by the general missionary.

The Rev. Joseph Cook will go from Ceylon to Hong Kong, Japan and Australia, and to San Francisco about October 1.

The Pope, it is said, has lost his appetite, and is constantly in a state of uneasiness. His physicians have ordered an immediate change of air.

The United Presbyterian Church has at last decided, by a vote of 616 to 606, to repeal the law forbidding the use of musical instruments in their churches.

Canon Farrar is one of the signatories to a letter cordially inviting Messrs Moody and Sankey to make London the centre of another of their campaigns.

A Congregational association has received into membership two Baptist ministers with the understanding that they retain their "Baptist principles."

It is reported that sixteen out of twenty prominent infidel lecturers in England, during the past twenty years, have embraced Christianity.

A vigorous movement for the evangelization of the people is being made in Geneva, Switzerland, five halls being used for the purpose in different parts of the city.

The Rev. J. H. Blasser has left the Congregationalists in Miama because he has changed his views as to sanctification, believing in it now as an instantaneous experience.

The British Foreign Bible Society has printed a Basute Bible at a cost of $20,000. This is the ninth complete Bible in the native tongues. The translation is the work of a French missionary.

To make up the $40,000 endowment fund for the William Penn Abbott Professorship in Syracuse University (Methodist), Mrs. Abbott gave $10,000; O. H. P. Archer, $10,000, and J. C. Staybach, $20,000.

The King of Siam, though less than thirty years old, is said to be one of the most enlightened and progressive monarchs now living, and though a pronounced Buddhist, is extremely liberal towards all other faiths.

Dr. E. T. Baird and Dr. R. L. Dabney are publishing ponderous articles in the Southern Presbyterian papers to prove that the constitution of the Southern Church was meant only for "a church of white ministers."

American Missionaries come to honor in the lands to which they go. The Rev. Dr. Martin is president of the Imperial College at Pekin, China, and the Rev. Dr. McFarland is Superintendent of public instruction in the Kingdom of Siam.

The members of All Saints' Church in New York, of which the late Dr. Henry W. Bellows was so long the pastor, have raised a fund of $52,000 for the support of his widow and younger children, who were left with little property.

The Ritualistic branch of the Protestant Episcopal Church appears to be advancing rapidly in the matter of Prayer Book interpretation. In a speech before the Maryland Diocesan Convention in this city a few days ago, Rev. Dr. Harrold, an "advanced" Ritualist, startled the breathren. He was, he said, proud of being classed as a Ritualist, and at the service he clothed his altar in their proper vestments, lighted the candles upon the altar, said prayers for the dead, heard confessions and pronounced absolution, and would continue to do so until prohibited by his bishop.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

GINGER LOAF.—Beat half a cup of butter and one cup of sugar to a cream and add two eggs, one cup of molasses, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and a tablespoonful of ginger. Dissolve a pinch of soda in one cup of milk and stir it in the mixture, then add three cups of flour which have been sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Pour into a shallow square pan and bake in a moderate oven.

STEWED LOBSTER.—Having boiled the lobster, take the meat from the shells and cut—do not chop—it into very small pieces; season it with powdered nutmeg, a few blades of mace and cayenne, and salt to taste; mix with it a quarter of a pound of butter, cut small, and two glasses of white wine; put it into a small stewpan, stew about twenty minutes, keeping the pan closely covered lest the flavor should evaporate; serve it very hot. If you choose you can send it to the table in the shell, which must first be nicely cleaned; or strew the meat over with sifted bread crumbs, and brown the top with a salamander or a red-hot shovel held over it.

FAIRY GINGERBREAD.—One cupful of butter, two of sugar, one of milk, four of flour, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar gradually, and, when very light, the ginger, the milk in which the soda has been dissolved, and finally the flour. Turn baking pans upside down and wipe the bottoms very clean. Butter them and spread the cake mixture very thin on them. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. While still *hot*, cut into squares with a case-knife and slip from the pan. Keep in a tin box. This is delicious. With the quantities given a large dish of gingerbread can be made. It must be spread on the bottom of the pan as thin as a wafer, and cut the moment it comes from the oven.

SANDWICH DRESSING.—The yolks of six eggs boiled hard, put into a mortar with two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, or three of thick sweet cream, a large tablespoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little cayenne, one large tablespoonful of lemon juice, strained through a fine sieve. Beat all to a smooth paste. Have ready some split tea-biscuit well buttered, and dipping some small pieces of cold boiled smoked salmon or halibut, or boiled ham, in the dressing; lay between the biscuit and serve. This makes also a nice dressing for sardines to be used for sandwiches. Boiled mackeral or other smoked fish boiled, boned and picked to shreds and mixed with dressing, is also nice; or, instead of fish or meat, cheese grated into a dressing is good, or thin slices of rich cheese may be dipped in the dressing and laid between the biscuits.

BANANA CUSTARD.—Make a white custard as follows: Two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch wetted with enough cold water to dissolve it, one cup of broken loaf or granulated sugar, one third cup of butter; stir together in a pudding mould or earthen dish, and pour on enough boiling water to make a thick custard. Beat the whites of three eggs to snow, stir into the custard and set in the oven to bake for fifteen minutes, or for the same length of time in a pot of boiling water. Set aside until perfectly cold, and then remove the slight crust or skin that will have formed on top, and, having ready the dish in which you are to serve your custard and some fresh ripe bananas, minced finely, mix with the custard and pour into the dish, and add a meringue made of the beaten whites of three eggs, and half a teacupful of pulverized pink sugar.

A fine custard may be made according to above receipt by using peaches instead of bananas, or Bartlett pears. Milk should never be used with acid fruits, particularly in warm weather, and pure cream in any quantity is sometimes, if not always, a severe tax on the digestive powers of a weak stomach. The custards for which formulas are given here can be made thus as real cream, answer the same purpose, are quite as palatable in most cases as the ordinary milk and cream, without danger of being curdled by the acidity of the fruit. Tapioca, arrowroot, etc., may be substituted for corn-starch in the making of these custards, and pineapple, strawberries and raspberries are delicious served in this way. Custards with an extra allowance of butter and a flavoring of vanilla, almond or rose water, makes delicious cream pies. Bake with either one or two crusts of rich puff paste. If the former, add a meringue. By using the yolks as well as the whites of the eggs, and using the grated rind and juice of lemons and oranges, or both, delicious orange and lemon pies are made. These should be made with only one crust.